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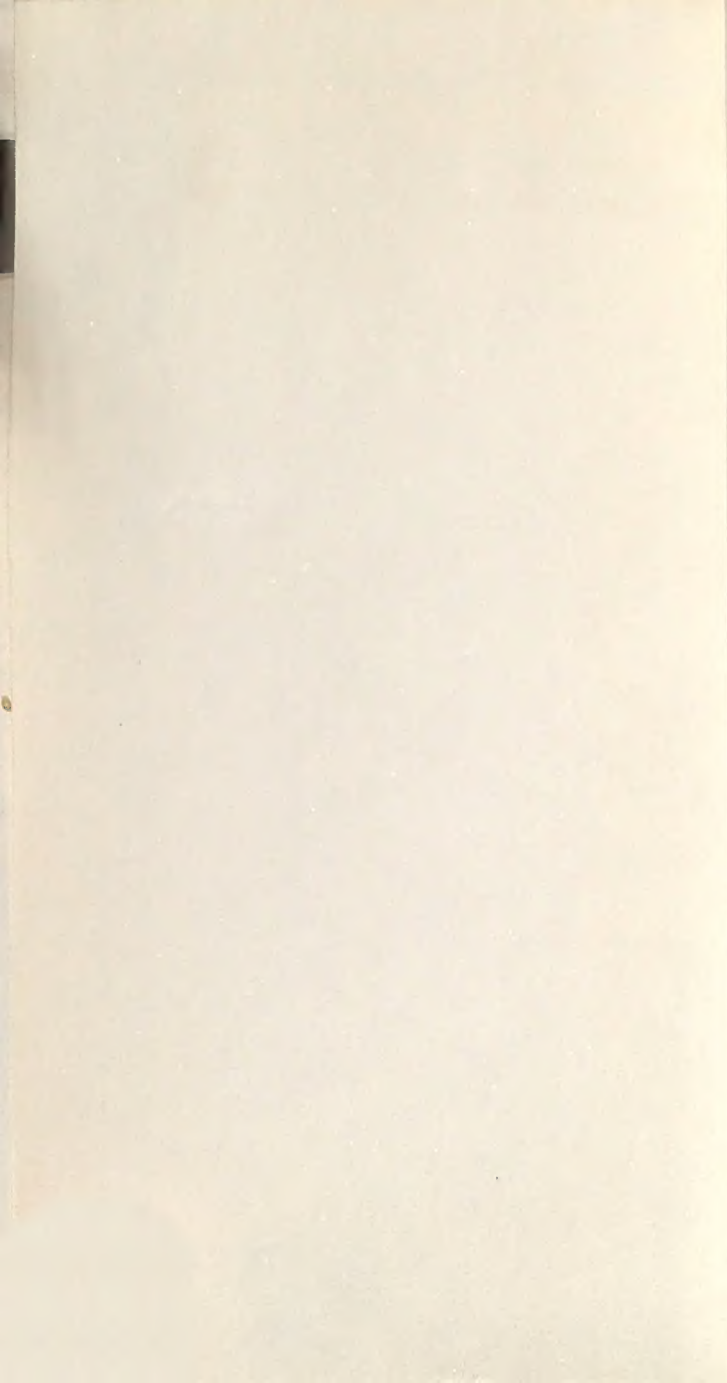
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BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

AND OTHER VERSES

BARRACK-ROOM
B A L L A D S

AND OTHER VERSES BY
RUDYARD KIPLING



METHUEN AND CO.
36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.
LONDON
1902

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General - (Repl.)

Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty.

PREFACE

The greater part of the 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' as well as 'Cleared,' 'Evarra,' 'The Explanation,' 'The Conundrum,' 'Tomlinson,' and the 'English Flag' have appeared in the 'National Observer.' Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have kindly given me permission to reproduce four ballads contributed to their Magazine, and I am indebted to the 'St. James's Gazette' for a like courtesy in regard to the ballads of the 'Clampherdown' and 'Bolivar,' and the 'Imperial Rescript.' 'The Rhyme of the Three Captains' was printed first in the 'Athenæum.' I fancy that most of the other verses are new.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO
WOLCOTT BALESTIER

R. K.

*Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness
hurled—*

*Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and
made our world.*

*They are purged of pride because they died, they know the
worth of their bays,*

*They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the
Elder Days,*

*It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's
praise.*

*'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's
outposts are,*

*Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes
out to war,*

*Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-
maned star.*

*They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth—they dare
not grieve for her pain—*

*They know of toil and the end of toil, they know God's law
is plain,*

*So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that
Sin is vain.*

*And oftentimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen un-
afraid.*

*To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust
and Shame—
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped
to Fame,
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit
came.*

*He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of
Earth—*

*E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.*

*So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board—the Strong Men
ranged thereby,
Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear
to die.*

*Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness
hurled,
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His
world.*

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BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

To T. A.

I HAVE made for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong.
But only you can tell me if it's true ;
I have tried for to explain
Both your pleasure and your pain,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you :

O there'll surely come a day
When they'll give you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do ;
So, until that day comes round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you !

R. K.

DANNY DEEVER

‘WHAT are the bugles blowin’ for?’ said Files-on-Parade.

‘To turn you out, to turn you out,’ the Colour-Sergeant said.

‘What makes you look so white, so white?’ said Files-on-Parade.

‘I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,’ the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can
hear the Dead March play,

The regiment’s in ’ollow square—they’re
hangin’ him to-day ;

They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut his
stripes away,

An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’.

‘What makes the rear-rank breathe so ’ard?’ said
Files-on-Parade.

‘It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,’ the Colour-
Sergeant said.

‘What makes that front-rank man fall down?’ says
Files-on-Parade.

‘A touch o’ sun, a touch o’ sun,’ the Colour-Sergeant
said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deever, they are
marchin’ of ’im round,

They ’ave ’alted Danny Deever by ’is coffin
on the ground ;

An’ ’e’ll swing in ’arf a minute for a sneakin’
shootin’ hound—

O they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’ !

‘Is cot was right-’and cot to mine,’ said Files-on-
Parade.

‘’E’s sleepin’ out an’ far to-night,’ the Colour-
Sergeant said.

‘I’ve drunk ’is beer a score o’ times,’ said Files-on-
Parade.

‘’E’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,’ the Colour-Sergeant
said.

'They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must
mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must
look 'im in the face ;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's
disgrace,
While they 're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

'What's that so black agin the sun?' said Files-on-
Parade.

'It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life,' the Colour-
Sergeant said.

'What's that that whimpers over'ead?' said Files-
on-Parade.

'It's Danny's soul that's passin' now,' the Colour-
Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you
can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're
marchin' us away ;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an'
they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

TOMMY

I WENT into a public-house to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, ' We serve no red-coats
here.'

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled
fit to die,

I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I :

O it's 'Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, go away' ;

But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when
the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the band
begins to play,

O it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the
band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none
for me ;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord ! they'll shove
me in the stalls !

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, wait outside' ;

But it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the
trooper's on the tide,

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the
troopship's on the tide,

O it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the
trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while
you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starva-
tion cheap ;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin'
large a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul ?'

But it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the
drums begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums
begin to roll,

O it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the
drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no black-
guards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like
you ;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
paints,

Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster
saints ;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, fall be'ind,'

But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when
there's trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's
trouble in the wind,

O it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when
there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires,
an' all :

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it
to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Chuck him out, the brute !'

But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the
guns begin to shoot ;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
anything you please ;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet
that Tommy sees !

‘FUZZY-WUZZY’

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

WE ’VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An’ some of ’em was brave an’ some was not:
The Paythan an’ the Zulu an’ Burmese ;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o’ the lot.
We never got a ha’porth’s change of ’im :
’E squatted in the scrub an’ ’ocked our ’orses,
’E cut our sentries up at *Suakim*,
An’ ’e played the cat an’ banjo with our forces.
So ’ere’s *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your ’ome
in the Soudan ;
You’re a pore benighted ’eathen but a first-
class fightin’ man ;
We gives you your certificate, an’ if you want
it signed
We’ll come an’ ’ave a romp with you when-
ever you’re inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,

The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,

The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,

An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style :

But all we ever got from such as they

Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller ;

We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,

But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the
missis and the kid ;

Our orders was to break you, an' of course
we went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't
'ardly fair ;

But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz,
you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,

So we must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords :

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
friends which are no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would
'elp you to deplore ;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call
the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
crumpled up the square !

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead ;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb !
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantee !
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome
in the Soudan ;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man ;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke
a British square !

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

'SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,
'Why don't you march with my true love?'
'We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe give
the slip,
'An' you'd best go look for a new love.'

New love! True love!
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better
dry your eyes,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
'What did you see o' my true love?'
'I seed 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle-green,
'An' you'd best go look for a new love.'

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘Did ye see no mone o’ my true love?’
‘I seed ’im runnin’ by when the shots begun to fly—
‘But you’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘Did aught take ’arm to my true love?’
‘I couldn’t see the fight, for the smoke it lay so
white—
‘An’ you’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘I’ll up an’ tend to my true love!’
‘E’s lying on the dead with a bullet through ’is ’ead,
‘An’ you’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘I’ll down an’ die with my true love!’
‘The pit we dug’ll ’ide ’im an’ the twenty men
beside ’im—
‘An’ you’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘Do you bring no sign from my true love?’

'I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to wear,

'An' you'd best go look for a new love.'

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

'O then I know it's true I've lost my true love !'

'An' I tell you truth again—when you've lost the
feel o' pain

'You'd best take me for your true love.'

True love ! New love !

Best take 'im for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better
dry your eyes,

An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.

SCREW-GUNS

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,

I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,

With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beggar
forgets

It's only the pick of the Army that handles the
dear little pets—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-
guns they all love you !

So when we call round with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—hoo !
hoo !

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's
worse if you fights or you runs :

You can go where you please, you can skid
up the trees, but you don't get away
from the guns !

They sends us along where the roads are, but mostly
we goes where they ain't :

We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust to
the stick o' the paint :

We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've give the
Afreedeeman fits,

For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns
that are built in two bits—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an' teaches
'im 'ow to behave ;

If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an' rattles
'im into 'is grave.

You've got to stand up to our business an' spring
without snatchin' or fuss.

D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns? By
God, you must lather with us—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-
moanin' below,

We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're out
on the rocks an' the snow,

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries
away to the plains

The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the jinglety
jink o' the chains—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

There 's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a
wheel on the edge o' the Pit,

An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as
a beggar can spit :

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an'
the sun off the snow in your face,

An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the
old gun in 'er place—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,

I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule.

The monkey can say what our road was—the wild-
goat 'e knows where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-
ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns they all love you !

So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course you will know what to do—hoo !
hoo !

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse if you fights or you runs :

You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your graves, but you can't get away from the guns !

CELLS

I've a head like a concertina : I've a tongue like a
button-stick :

I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than
a little sick,

But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard : I've
made the cinders fly,

And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink
and blacking the Corporal's eye.

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,

O it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For 'drunk and resisting the Guard !'

Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—

'Strewth, but I socked it them hard !

So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For 'drunk and resisting the Guard.'

I started o' canteen porter, I finished o' canteen
beer,

But a dose o' gin that a mate slipped in, it was that
that brought me here.

'Twas that and an extry double Guard that rubbed
my nose in the dirt ;

But I fell away with the Corp'ral's stock and the
best of the Corp'ral's shirt.

I left my cap in a public-house, my boots in the
public road,

And Lord knows where, and I don't care, my belt
and my tunic goed ;

They'll stop my pay, they'll cut away the stripes I
used to wear,

But I left my mark on the Corp'ral's face, and I
think he'll keep it there !

My wife she cries on the barrack-gate, my kid in
the barrack-yard,

It ain't that I mind the Ord'ly room—it's *that* that
cuts so hard.

I'll take my oath before them both that I will sure
abstain,

But as soon as I'm in with a mate and gin, I know
I'll do it again!

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,
Yes, it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard!'
Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—
'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!
So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard.'

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was 'Din! Din! Din!

'You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!

'Hi! slippery *hitherao*!

'Water, get it! *Panee lao*!¹

'You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din.'

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,

¹ Bring water swiftly.

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows
craw,

We shouted 'Harry By!' ¹
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !
'You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
'You put some *juldee* ² in it
'Or I'll *marrow* ³ you this minute
'If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din !'

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done ;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.

¹ Mr. Atkins's equivalent for 'O brother.'

² Be quick.

³ Hit you.

With 'is mussick¹ on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made ' Retire,'
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire !

It was ' Din ! Din ! Din !'

With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.

When the cartridges ran out,

You could hear the front-files shout,

' Hi ! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din !'

I sha'n't forgit the night

When I dropped be'ind the fight

With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst,

An' the man that spied me first

Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead,

An' he plugged me where I bled,

An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green :

It was crawlin' and it stunk,

But of all the drinks I've drunk,

I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

¹ Water-skin.

It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !

'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;

'E's chawin' up the ground,

'An' 'e's kickin' all around :

'For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din !

'E carried me away

To where a dooli lay,

An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.

'E put me safe inside,

An' just before 'e died,

'I 'ope you liked your drink,' sez Gunga Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on

At the place where 'e is gone—

Where it's always double drill and no canteen ;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals

Givin' drink to poor damned souls,

An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din !

Yes, Din ! Din ! Din !

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din !

Though I've belted you and flayed you,

By the livin' Gawd that made you,

You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din !

O O N T S

(NORTHERN INDIA TRANSPORT TRAIN)

Wot makes the soldier's 'cart to penk, wot makes
'im to perspire ?

It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire ;

But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road

For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.

O the oont,¹ O the oont, O the commissariat
oont !

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket
full o' snakes ;

We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought to
'ear 'im grunt,

An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed
girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when night
is drorin' in,

An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin ?

¹ Camel :—oo is pronounced like u in 'bull,' but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with 'front.'

It ain't the chanst o' being rushed by Paythans from
the 'ills,

It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is bloomin'
frills !

O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary
oont !

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got
the night alarm !

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an' 'eads
'im off in front,

An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e
chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a
fool,

The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a
mule ;

But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an'
done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken
oont !

The lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin'
where 'e lies,

'E's blocked the whole division from the
rear-guard to the front,

An' when we get him up again—the
beggar goes an' dies !

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight—'e smells
most awful vile ;

'E'll lose 'isself for ever if you let 'im stray a mile ;

'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the
'ole night through,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits 'isself
in two.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floppin',
droppin' oont !

When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is
meltin' eye is dim,

The tribes is up be'ind us, and the tribes
is out in front—

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites
an' crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the
roads is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the
shots be'ind,

Ho ! then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes is
past :

'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets revenge
at last.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin',
bloatin' oont !

The late lamented camel in the water-cut
'e lies ;

We keeps a mile be'ind 'im an' we keeps a
mile in front,

But 'e gets into the drinkin'-casks, and
then o' course we dies.

LOOT

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the
keeper's back,

If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin'
'aversack,

You will understand this little song o' mine.
But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we
are debarred,

For the same with English morals does not suit.
(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin'
clobber

With the—

(*Chorus*) Loo ! loo ! Lulu ! lulu ! Loo ! loo ! Loot !
loot ! loot !

Ow the loot !

Bloomin' loot !

That 's the thing to make the boys git up
an' shoot !

It's the same with dogs an' men,
If you 'd make 'em come again
Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot!

(*ff*) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's
thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't
feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade
the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;
So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain an'
clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime.
(*Chorus*) With the loot, . . .

Now remember when you're 'acking round a gilded
Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;

An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-
rod

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.

When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water
on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot

(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)—

When the ground begins to sink, shove your baynick
down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the—

(*Chorus*) Loo ! loo ! Lulu ! Loot ! loot ! loot !

Ow the loot ! . . .

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'unting, you must
always work in pairs—

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—

For a single man gets bottled on them twisty-wisty
stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobb 'im from be'ind.

When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems
beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute

(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ousetops take a look,
For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.

(*Chorus*) Ow the loot! . . .

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quartermaster
too,

If you only take the proper way to go ;
I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned
you all I knew—

An' don't you never say I told you so.
An' now I'll bid good-bye, for I'm gettin' rather dry,
An' I see another tunin' up to toot

(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)—

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the Widow's
clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot !

(*Chorus*) Yes, the loot,

Bloomin' loot !

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot !

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

(*fff*) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo ! loo ! Lulu !

Loot ! loot ! loot !

Heeya ! Sick 'im, puppy ! Loo ! loo ? Lulu !

Loot ! loot ! loot !

‘SNARLEYOW’

THIS 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps
Which is first among the women an' amazin' first in
war ;

An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't remember
now,

But Two 's off-lead 'e answered to the name o' *Snarleyow*.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares ;

Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears ;

But down in the lead with the wheel at the
flog

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped
dog !

They was movin' into action, they was needed very
sore,

To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps,

They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was tuckin'
down the brow,
When a tricky, trundlin' roundshot give the knock
to *Snarleyow*.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost tore
in two—
But he tried to follow after as a well-trained 'orse
should do ;
'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's
Brother squeals :
'Pull up, pull up for *Snarleyow*—'is head 's between
'is 'eels !'

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels was
goin' round,
An' there ain't no 'Stop, conductor !' when a
batt'ry's changin' ground ;
Sez 'e : 'I broke the beggar in, an' very sad I feels,
'But I couldn't pull up, not for *you*—your 'ead be-
tween your 'eels !'

'E 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before a droppin'
shell
A little right the batt'ry an' between the sections fell ;

An’ when the smoke ’ad cleared away, before the
limber wheels,

There lay the Driver’s Brother with ’is ’ead between
’is ’eels.

Then sez the Driver’s Brother, an’ ’is words was very
plain,

‘For Gawd’s own sake get over me, an’ put me out
o’ pain.’

They saw ’is wounds was mortal, an’ they judged
that it was best,

So they took an’ drove the limber straight across ’is
back an’ chest.

The Driver ’e give nothin’ ’cept a little coughin’
grunt,

But ’e swung ’is ’orses ’andsome when it came to
‘Action Front!’

An’ if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Mon-
day head

’Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun
to spread.

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen :

You ’avn’t got no families when servin’ of the Queen—

You 'avn't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives, or
sons—

If you want to win your battles take an' work your
bloomin' guns!

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;

Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;

But down in the lead with the wheel at the flog

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped
dog!

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor

With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?

She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,

An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,

There's 'er mark on the medical stores—

An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind

That takes us to various wars.

(Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,

An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,

The men an' the 'orses what makes up the
forces

O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars! Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,

For 'alf o' Creation she owns :

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an'
the flame,

An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars !—it's blue with our bones !)

Hands off o' the sons o' the Widow,

Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,

For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors
frown

When the Widow at Windsor says 'Stop' !

(Poor beggars !—we're sent to say 'Stop' !)

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,

From the Pole to the Tropics it runs—

To the Lodge that we tile with the rank
an' the file,

An' open in form with the guns.

(Poor beggars !—it's always they guns !)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,

It's safest to let 'er alone :

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land

Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars !—an' don't we get blown !)

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead ;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars !—it's 'ot over'ead !)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,

Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require

A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars !—they'll never see 'ome !)

BELTS

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near to
Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree ;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark :
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last forninst
the Park.

For it was :—‘ Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
one for you !’

An' it was ‘ Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done
for you !’

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park !

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments
was out,

They called us ‘ Delhi Rebels,’ an' we answered
‘ Threes about !’

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met them
good an' large,
The English at the double an' the Irish at the
charge.

Then it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it
too ;

We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went
whirraru !

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the
storm

A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all my uniform.

O it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the
Polis there,

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish
didn't care ;

But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous
rose,

Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was
tattered clo'es.

For it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha'
raged till now,
But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' nobody
knew how;
'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we saw
the red blood run:
An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun.
While it was:—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—but that put down
the shine,
Wid each man whisperin' to his next: "'Twas never
work o' mine!'
We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street
we bore him,
The poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the bhoys
were sorry for him.
When it was:—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over
yet,
For half of us are under guard wid punishments to
get;

'Tis all a merricle to me as in the Clink I lie :

There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I wonder
why !

But it was :—‘ Belts, belts, belts, an’ that’s
one for you !’

An’ it was ‘ Belts, belts, belts, an’ that’s done
for you !’

O buckle an’ tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison’s down to the Park !

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased

Ere 'e 's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

So-oldier *of* the Queen !

Now all you recruities what 's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may :

A soldier what 's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier . . .

First mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out your
guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your butts—

An' it's bad for the young British Soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier . . .

When the cholera comes—as it will past a doubt—
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,
For the sickness gets in as the liquor dies out,
 An' it crumples the young British soldier.
 Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier . . .

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead :
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said :
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down
 dead,
 An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.
 Fool, fool, fool of a soldier . . .

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor
 blind ;
Be handy and civil, and then you will find
 That it's beer for the young British soldier.
 Beer, beer, beer for the soldier . . .

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told,
For beauty won't help if your rations is cold,
 Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.
 'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier . . .

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loth
To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on my
oath!—

Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er: that's Hell for
them both,

An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.

Curse, curse, curse of a soldier . . .

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,
Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,
Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck
And march to your front like a soldier.

Front, front, front like a soldier . . .

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;
She's human as you are—you treat her as sich,
An' she'll fight for the young British soldier.
Fight, fight, fight for the soldier . . .

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,
Shoot low at the limbers an' don't mind the shine,
For noise never startles the soldier.
Start-, start-, startles the soldier . . .

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white,
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight :
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,
And wait for supports like a soldier.
Wait, wait, wait like a soldier . . .

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's
plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
So-oldier *of* the Queen !

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to
the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she
thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-
bells they say:

Come you back, you British soldier; come you back
to Mandalay!

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay:

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from
Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as
Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white
cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's
foot :

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed
'er where she stud !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun
was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing '*Kulla-
lo-lo!*'

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin
my cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin'
teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was
'arf afraid to speak !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
away,

An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to
Mandalay ;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
soldier tells :

' If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never
'eed naught else.'

No ! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells,

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells ;

On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
stones,

An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in
my bones ;

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to
the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they
understand ?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law ! wot do they understand ?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is
like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a
man can raise a thirst ;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that
I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the
sea ;

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we
went to Mandalay !

O the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay !

TROOPIN'

(OUR ARMY IN THE EAST)

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea :

'Ere's September come again—the six-year men are
free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come
away

To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome
to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Ann,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

The Malabar's in 'arbour with the Jumner at 'er tail,
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.
Ho! the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome
to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an'
wet an' rain,
All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not com-
plain;
They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their little
way—
But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin'
'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin', winter's round again!
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign;
Ho, you poor recruits, but you've got to earn your
pay—
What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin'
there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer—
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English beer.

The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got to
stay,

Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop! we're
goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Ann,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

‘WHERE have you been this while away,

‘ Johnnie, Johnnie ? ’

Out with the rest on a picnic lay,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

They called us out of the barrack-yard

To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,

And you can't refuse when you get the card,

And the Widow gives the party.

(Bugle : Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara !)

‘What did you get to eat and drink,

‘ Johnnie, Johnnie ? ’

Standing water as thick as ink,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

A bit o' beef that were three year stored,

A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,

And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword,

When the Widow give the party.

‘What did you do for knives and forks,

‘Johnnie, Johnnie?’

We carries ’em with us wherever we walks,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

And some was sliced and some was halved,

And some was crimped and some was carved,

And some was gutted and some was starved,

When the Widow give the party.

‘What ha’ you done with half your mess,

‘Johnnie, Johnnie?’

They couldn’t do more and they wouldn’t do less,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

They ate their whack and they drank their fill,

And I think the rations has made them ill,

For half my comp’ny’s lying still

Where the Widow give the party.

‘How did you get away—away,

‘Johnnie, Johnnie?’

On the broad o’ my back at the end o’ the day,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

I comed away like a bleedin' toff,
For I got four n'ggers to carry me off,
As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,
When the Widow give the party.

'What was the end of all the show,
 'Johnnie, Johnnie?'
Ask my Colonel, for I don't know,
 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
We broke a King and we built a road—
A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed.
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed
When the Widow give the party.
 (*Bugle : Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara !*)

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town's by Kabul river—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

There I lef' my mate for ever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

There's the river up and brimmin', an'
there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face

Wet an' drippin' by the ford !

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they
will surely guide you

'Cross the ford of Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

I'd ha' sooner drowned fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can

'ear the men a-splashin',

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—

'Im that left me by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you

never comin' nigh there,

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Fore I see him 'live an' well—

'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their
boots 'll pull 'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
Down an' drowned by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't
no use o' callin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of
the damned

To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely
crammed,

And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six
horses,

And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the
ready tin,

But to-day the Sergeant's something less than kind.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way

Baa ! Baa ! Baa !

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,

Baa—aa—aa !

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa ! Yah ! Bah !

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to
empty kitchen slops,

And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental
hops

And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.
Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be 'Rider' to your
troop,

And branded with a blasted worsted spur,
When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy
being cleanly

Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you 'Sir.'
If the home we never write to, and the oaths we
never keep,

And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our
sleep,

Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?
When the drunken comrade mutters and the great
guard-lantern gutters

And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-
washed ceiling,

Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost
to Love and Truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of
our youth.

God help us, for we knew the worst too young!
Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that
brought the sentence,

Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf
enfolds us

And we die, and none can tell Them where we
died.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa ! Baa ! Baa !

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa !

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa ! Yah ! Bah !

ROUTE MARCHIN'

WE'RE marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind the
Rains ;

Ho ! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the
bugle blowed,

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
Road ;

With its best foot first

And the road a-sliding past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly
like the last ;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is 'rowdy-dowdy-dow !' —

'*Kiko kissynwarsti* don't you *hamsher argy jow*?' ¹

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when
you see,

There's the peacock round the corner an' the
monkey up the tree,

¹ Why don't you get on?

An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the
wind,

An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling
be'ind.

While it's best foot first, . . .

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down
must come,

Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick 'em
up at 'ome.

But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,
While the women and the kiddies sit an' shiver in
the carts.

An' it's best foot first, . . .

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an'
sings,

An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other things,
An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonders
what they're at,

An' 'ow they would admire for to hear us sling the
bat.¹

An' it's best foot first, . . .

¹ Language. Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at
your ease,
To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-
'eaded trees,
For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no
barrick-yards,
So the oficers goes shootin' an' the men they plays
at cards.
Till it's best foot first, . . .

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always grum-
blin' sore,
There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa
to Cawnpore ;
An' if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to 'urt
like 'ell,
You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will
make 'em well.
For it's best foot first, . . .

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand,
Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel, and
the Band ;

Ho! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the
bugle blowed,

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
Road;

With its best foot first

And the road a-sliding past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly
like the last;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is 'rowdy-dowdy-dow!'—

'*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy jom?*'

SHILLIN' A DAY

MY name is O'Kelly, I 've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in 'pore.'
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the
 thickness,
Of sorrow and sickness I 've known on my way,
But I 'm old and I 'm nervis,
I 'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

(Chorus) Shillin' a day,
 Bloomin' good pay—
 Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,

When we rode Hell-for-leather
Both squadrons together,
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'
An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better,
So if me you be'old
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Metropold won't you give me a letter?

(Full chorus) Give 'im a letter—

'Can't do no better,

Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'—runs
with a letter!

Think what 'e's been,

Think what 'e's seen,

Think of his pension an'——

GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN



OTHER VERSES

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat ;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth !*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-
side,

And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride :

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides :

'Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides ?'

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of
the Ressaldar :

'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

'At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair,

'But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to
fare,

'So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can
fly,

'By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai.

'But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,

'For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain
is sown with Kamai's men.

'There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,

'And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen.'

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw
rough dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell
and the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of
the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whist-
ling ball went wide.

'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now
if ye can ride.'

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-
ævils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like
a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his
head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a
maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never
a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their
hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare
like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap
fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive,

'Twas only by favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode
so long alive :

'There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was
not a clump of tree,

'But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held
it low,

'The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all
in a row :

'If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have
held it high,

'The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly.'

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'Do good to
bird and beast,

'But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.

'If there should follow a thousand swords to carry
my bones away,

'Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than
a thief could pay.

'They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain,

'The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when
all the cattle are slain.

'But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren
wait to sup,

'The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up !

‘ And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,

‘ Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my
own way back !’

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.

‘ No talk shall be of dogs,’ said he, ‘ when wolf and
grey wolf meet.

‘ May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath ;

‘ What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at
the dawn with Death ?’

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son . ‘ I hold by the
blood of my clan :

‘ Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God,
she has carried a man !’

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled
against his breast ;

‘ We be two strong men,’ said Kamal then, ‘ but she
loveth the younger best.

‘ So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-
studded rein,

‘ My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain.’

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,

'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he ; ' will ye take the mate from a friend ? '

'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight ; ' a limb for the risk of a limb.

'Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him !'

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.

'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, ' who leads a troop of the Guides,

'And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

'Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,

'Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.

'So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,

'And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,

‘And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power—
·Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur.’

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on leavened bread and salt :
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel’s son he rides the mare and Kamal’s
boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.
·Ha’ done! ha’ done!’ said the Colonel’s son.
‘Put up the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-
night 'tis a man of the Guides !'

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat ;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth !*

THE LAST SUTTEE

Not many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against Suttee, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them, disguised as the King's favourite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death

In his hold by Gungra hill.

All night we heard the death-gongs ring

For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,

All night beat up from the women's wing

A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,

The lords of the outer guard :

All night the cressets glimmered pale

On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,

Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,

That clinked in the palace yard.

In the Golden room on the palace roof
All night he fought for air :
And there was sobbing behind the screen,
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scars :
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth
And robe him for the pyre.
The Boondi Queen beneath us cried :
‘ See, now, that we die as our mothers died
‘ In the bridal-bed by our master’s side !
‘ Out, women !—to the fire !’

We drove the great gates home apace :
White hands were on the sill :

But ere the rush of the unseen feet
Had reached the turn to the open street,
The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat—
We held the dovecot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,
And laughing spoke from the wall :
'Ohé, they mourn here : let me by—
'Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I !
'When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,
'And I seek another thrall.

'For I ruled the King as ne'er did Queen,—
'To-night the Queens rule me !
'Guard them safely, but let me go,
'Or ever they pay the debt they owe
'In scourge and torture !' She leaped below,
And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
On a North-bred dancing-girl :
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
And doomed to death at her drunken nod,
And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his fathers' place,
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand :
Where the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen
On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the
Queen
On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,
We set the logs aglow :
' Friend of the English, free from fear,
' Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
' Lord of the Desert of Bikaneer,
' King of the Jungle,—go !'

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
With wavering wind-tossed spears :
And out of a shattered temple crept
A woman who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the King—but the great King
slept,
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife—
Cold fear with hot desire—

When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came
And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
The silent streets between,
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
And he was a baron old and grey,
And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said : ' O shameless, put aside
 ' The veil upon thy brow !
' Who held the King and all his land
' To the wanton will of a harlot's hand !
' Will the white ash rise from the blistered brand ?
 ' Stoop down, and call him now ! '

Then she : ' By the faith of my tarnished soul,
 ' All things I did not well,
' I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
' And lay me down by my master's side
' To rule in Heaven his only bride,
 ' While the others howl in Hell.

‘But I have felt the fire’s breath,
‘And hard it is to die :
‘Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord
‘To sully the steel of a Thakur’s sword
‘With base-born blood of a trade abhorred,’—
And the Thakur answered, ‘Ay.’

He drew and struck : the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast.

‘I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
‘But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame—
‘Sister of mine, pass, free from shame,
‘Pass with thy King to rest !’

The black log crashed above the white :

The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
On the heart of—the Boondi Queen !

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the
story told.*

*His mercy fills the Khyber hills—his grace is
manifold ;*

*He has taken toll of the North and the South—his
glory reacheth far,*

*And they tell the tale of his charity from Balkh to
Kandahar.*

Before the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd and
Kaffir meet,

The Governor of Kabul dealt the Justice of the
Street,

And that was strait as running noose and swift as
plunging knife,

Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold the
longer life.

There was a hound of Hindustan had struck a
Euzufzai,

Wherefore they spat upon his face and led him out
to die.

It chanced the King went forth that hour when
throat was bared to knife ;

The Kaffir grovelled under-hoof and clamoured for
his life.

Then said the King : ' Have hope, O friend ! Yea,
Death disgraced is hard ;

' Much honour shall be thine ; ' and called the Captain
of the Guard,

Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble
saith,

And he was honoured of the King—the which is
salt to Death ;

And he was son of Daoud Shah, the Reiver of the
Plains,

And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his veins ;

And 'twas to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell nor
Heaven could bind,

The King would make him butcher to a yelping cur
of Hind.

‘Strike!’ said the King. ‘King’s blood art thou—
his death shall be his pride!’

Then louder, that the crowd might catch: ‘Fear
not—his arms are tied!’

Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and struck,
and sheathed again.

‘O man, thy will is done,’ quoth he; ‘A King this
dog hath slain.’

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the North
and the South is sold.*

*The North and the South shall open their mouth to
a Ghilzai flag unrolled,*

*When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak, and
his dog-Heratis fly:*

*Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
Wolves of the Abazai!*

That night before the watch was set, when all the
streets were clear,

The Governor of Kabul spoke: ‘My King, hast thou
no fear?’

‘Thou knowest—thou hast heard,’—his speech died
at his master’s face.

And grimly said the Afghan King: 'I rule the
Afghan race.

'My path is mine—see thou to thine—to-night upon
thy bed

'Think who there be in Kabul now that clamour for
thy head.'

That night when all the gates were shut to City and
to throne,

Within a little garden house the King lay down
alone.

Before the sinking of the moon, which is the Night
of Night,

Yar Khan came softly to the King to make his
honour white.

The children of the town had mocked beneath his
horse's hoofs,

The harlots of the town had hailed him 'butcher!'
from their roofs.

But as he groped against the wall, two hands upon
him fell,

The King behind his shoulder spake: 'Dead man,
thou dost not well !

- 'Tis ill to jest with Kings by day and seek a boon
by night ;
' And that thou bearest in thy hand is all too sharp
to write.
' But three days hence, if God be good, and if thy
strength remain,
' Thou shalt demand one boon of me and bless me
in thy pain.
' For I am merciful to all, and most of all to thee.
' My butcher of the shambles, rest—no knife hast
thou for me !'

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, holds hard by
the South and the North ;*

*But the Ghilzai knows, ere the melting snows, when
the swollen banks break forth,*

*When the red-coats crawl to the sungar wall, and
his Usbeg lances fail :*

*Ye have heard the song—How long ? How long ?
Wolves of the Zuka Kheyl !*

They stoned him in the rubbish-field when dawn
was in the sky,

According to the written word, ' See that he do not
die.'

They stoned him till the stones were piled above
him on the plain,
And those the labouring limbs displaced they
tumbled back again.

One watched beside the dreary mound that veiled
the battered thing,
And him the King with laughter called the Herald
of the King.

It was upon the second night, the night of Ramazan,
The watcher leaning earthward heard the message
of Yar Khan.

From shattered breast through shrivelled lips broke
forth the rattling breath,
'Creature of God, deliver me from agony of Death.'

They sought the King among his girls, and risked
their lives thereby :
'Protector of the Pitiful, give orders that he die !'

'Bid him endure until the day,' a lagging answer
came ;

'The night is short, and he can pray and learn to
bless my name.'

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on the
day once more :

‘ Creature of God, deliver me, and bless the King
therefor !’

They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease him
of his pain,
And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he blessed
the King again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all the
world to sing,
So that the Outer Seas may know the mercy of the
King.

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the
story told,*

*He has opened his mouth to the North and the
South, they have stuffed his mouth with gold.*

*Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and sweet his
favours are :*

*Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
from Balkh to Kandahar.*

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

WHEN spring-time flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafilā camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose ;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled ;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road ;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale ;

And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food ;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood ;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
' Better is speech when the belly is fed.'
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah ! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.

Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword
And a grey-coat guard on the Helmund ford.
Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he : ‘Of the Russians who can say?
‘When the night is gathering all is grey.
‘But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
‘In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
‘Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
‘To warn a King of his enemies?
‘We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
‘But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
‘That unsought counsel is cursed of God
‘Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

‘His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
‘His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;
‘And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
‘For he carried the curse of an unstanched speech.

‘ Therewith madness—so that he sought
‘ The favour of kings at the Kabul court ;
‘ And travelled, in hope of honour, far
‘ To the line where the grey-coat squadrons are.
‘ There have I journeyed too—but I
‘ Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die !
‘ He hearked to rumour, and snatched at a breath
‘ Of “ this one knoweth ” and “ that one saith,”—
‘ Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
‘ Of a grey-coat coming, and sack of the South.
‘ These have I also heard—they pass
‘ With each new spring and the winter grass.

‘ Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
‘ Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
‘ Even to Kabul—in full durbar
‘ The King held talk with his Chief in War.
‘ Into the press of the crowd he broke,
‘ And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

‘ Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
‘ As a mother might on a babbling child ;
‘ But those who would laugh restrained their breath,
‘ When the face of the King showed dark as death.

'Evil it is in full durbar
'To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
'Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
'That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
'And he said to the boy : "They shall praise thy zeal
'" So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
'" And the Russ is upon us even now ?
'" Great is thy prudence—await them, thou.
'" Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
'" Surely thy vigil is not for long.
'" The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran ?
'" Surely an hour shall bring their van.
'" Wait and watch. When the host is near,
'" Shout aloud that my men may hear."

'Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
'To warn a King of his enemies ?
'A guard was set that he might not flee—
'A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
'The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
'When he shook at his death as he looked below.
'By the power of God, who alone is great,
'Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.

‘Then madness took him, and men declare
‘He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
‘And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
‘And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
‘And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
‘And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

‘Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
‘To warn a King of his enemies?
‘We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
‘But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
‘Of the grey-coat coming who can say?
‘When the night is gathering all is grey.
‘Two things greater than all things are,
‘The first is Love, and the second War.
‘And since we know not how War may prove,
‘Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!’

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More than a hundred years ago, in a great battle fought near Delhi, an Indian Prince rode fifty miles after the day was lost with a beggar-girl, who had loved him and followed him in all his camps, on his saddle-bow. He lost the girl when almost within sight of safety. A Maratta trooper tells the story:—

THE wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on
the neck,

Our hands and scarves were saffron-dyed for signal
of despair,

When we went forth to Paniput to battle with the
Mlech,—

Ere we came back from Paniput and left a king-
dom there.

Thrice thirty thousand men were we to force the
Jumna fords—

The hawk-winged horse of Damajee, mailed
squadrons of the Bhao,

Stark levies of the southern hills, the Deccan's
sharpest swords,
And he the harlot's traitor son the goatherd
Mulhar Rao!

Thrice thirty thousand men were we before the mists
had cleared,
The low white mists of morning heard the war-
conch scream and bray ;
We called upon Bhowani and we gripped them by
the beard,
We rolled upon them like a flood and washed their
ranks away.

The children of the hills of Khost before our lances
ran,
We drove the black Rohillas back as cattle to the
pen ;
'Twas then we needed Mulhar Rao to end what we
began,
A thousand men had saved the charge ; he fled
the field with ten !

There was no room to clear a sword—no power to
strike a blow,

For foot to foot, ay, breast to breast, the battle
held us fast—

Save where the naked hill-men ran, and stabbing
from below

Brought down the horse and rider and we trampled
them and passed.

To left the roar of musketry rang like a falling
flood—

To right the sunshine rippled red from redder
lance and blade—

Above the dark *Upsaras*¹ flew, beneath us plashed
the blood,

And, bellying black against the dust, the Bhagwa
Jhanda swayed.

I saw it fall in smoke and fire, the banner of the
Bhao ;

I heard a voice across the press of one who called
in vain :—

¹ The Choosers of the Slain.

‘Ho! Anand Rao Nimbalkhur, ride! Get aid of
Mulhar Rao!

‘Go shame his squadrons into fight—the Bhao—
the Bhao is slain!’

Thereat, as when a sand-bar breaks in clotted spume
and spray—

When rain of later autumn sweeps the Jumna
water-head,

Before their charge from flank to flank our riven
ranks gave way;

But of the waters of that flood the Jumna fords
ran red.

I held by Scindia, my lord, as close as man might
hold;

A Soobah of the Deccan asks no aid to guard his
life;

But Holkar’s Horse were flying, and our chiefest
chiefs were cold,

And like a flame among us leapt the long lean
Northern knife.

I held by Scindia—my lance from butt to tuft was
dyed,

The froth of battle bossed the shield and roped
the bridle-chain—

What time beneath our horses' feet a maiden rose
and cried,

And clung to Scindia, and I turned a sword-cut
from the twain.

(He set a spell upon the maid in woodlands
long ago,

A hunter by the Tapti banks she gave him water
there :

He turned her heart to water, and she followed to
her woe.

What need had he of Lalun who had twenty
maids as fair?)

Now in that hour strength left my lord ; he wrenched
his mare aside ;

He bound the girl behind him and we slashed and
struggled free.

Across the reeling wreck of strife we rode as shadows
ride

From Paniput to Delhi town, but not alone
were we.

'Twas Lutuf-Ullah Populzai laid horse upon our
track,

A swine-fed reiver of the North that lusted for the
maid ;

I might have barred his path awhile, but Scindia
called me back,

And I—O woe for Scindia!—I listened and
obeyed.

League after league the formless scrub took shape
and glided by—

League after league the white road swirled behind
the white mare's feet—

League after league, when leagues were done, we
heard the Populzai,

Where sure as Time and swift as Death the tireless
footfall beat.

Noon's eye beheld that shame of flight, the shadows
fell, we fled

Where steadfast as the wheeling kite he followed
in our train ;

The black wolf warred where we had warred, the
jackal mocked our dead,

And terror born of twilight-tide made mad the
labouring brain.

I gasped :—‘ A kingdom waits my lord ; her love is
but her own.

‘ A day shall mar, a day shall cure for her, but what
for thee ?

‘ Cut loose the girl : he follows fast. Cut loose and
ride alone !’

Then Scindia 'twixt his blistered lips :—‘ My
Queens' Queen shall she be !

‘ Of all who ate my bread last night 'twas she alone
that came

‘ To seek her love between the spears and find her
crown therein !

‘One shame is mine to-day, what need the weight of
double shame?’

‘If once we reach the Delhi gate, though all be
lost, I win!’

We rode—the white mare failed—her trot a stagger
ing stumble grew,—

The cooking-smoke of even rose and weltered and
hung low;

And still we heard the Populzai and still we strained
anew,

And Delhi town was very near, but nearer was
the foe.

Yea, Delhi town was very near when Lalun whispered.
—‘Slay!’

‘Lord of my life, the mare sinks fast—stab deep
and let me die!’

But Scindia would not, and the maid tore free and
flung away,

And turning as she fell we heard the clattering
Populzai.

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OCTOBER 1901

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
 And The Deuce knows what we may do—
 But we're back once more on the old trail, our
 own trail, the out trail,
 We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—
 the trail that is always new.



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 at the Edinburgh University Press.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken
 rollers comb,
 And the shouting seas drive by,
 And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows
 reel and swing,
 And the Southern Cross rides high !

Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
 That blaze in the velvet blue.
 They're all old friends on the old trail, our
 own trail, the out trail,
 They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—
 the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the
 Start—
 We're steaming all-too slow,
 And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
 Where the trumpet-orchids blow !
 You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
 And the voice of the deep-sea rain ;
 You have heard the song—how long how
 long ?
 Pull out on the trail again !

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
 And the sirens hoot their dread !
 When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless
 deep

To the sob of the questing lead !

It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,

With the Gunfleet Sands in view,

Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail,

our own trail, the out trail,

And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—

the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a
 welt of light

That holds the hot sky tame,

And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-

powdered floors

Where the scared whale flukes in flame !

Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,

And her ropes are taunt with the dew,

For we're booming down on the old trail, our

own trail, the out trail,

We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the

trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
 Or the way of a man with a maid ;
 But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
 In the heel of the North-East Trade.
 Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
 And the drum of the racing screw,
 As she ships it green on the old trail, our own
 trail, the out trail,
 As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—
 the trail that is always new ?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the
 fore,
 And the fenders grind and heave,
 And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle
 hooks the crate,
 And the fall-rope whines through the sheave ;
 It's ' Gang-plank up and in, ' dear lass,
 It's ' Hawsers warp her through !'
 And it's ' All clear aft ' on the old trail, our
 own trail, the out trail,
 We're backing down on the Long Trail—the
 trail that is always new.

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun
 Or South to the blind Horn's hate ;
 Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
 Or West to the Golden Gate ;

Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear
 lass,
 And the wildest tales are true,
 And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own
 trail, the out trail,
 And life runs large on the Long Trail—the
 trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey
 and old,
 And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
 And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea
 roll
 Of a black Bilbao tramp ;
 With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
 And a drunken Dago crew,
 And her nose held down on the old trail, our
 own trail, the out trail
 From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail
 that is always new.

L' ENVOI

THERE'S a whisper down the field where the year
has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing:—'Over then, come over, for the bee has
quit the clover,
'And your English summer's done.'

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how
long?

Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

'Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back
 with an open eye,
 'And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever ye
 come to die :
 'That the sin they do by two and two they must pay
 for one by one—
 'And . . . the God that you took from a printed
 book be with you, Tomlinson !'

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his heart
 was free from care:—
 'Ye have scarce the soul of a louse,' he said, 'but
 the roots of sin are there,
 'And for that sin should ye come in were I the lord
 alone.
 'But sinful pride has rule inside—and mightier than
 my own.
 'Honour and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each his
 priest and whore:
 'Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they'd
 torture sore.
 'Ye are neither spirit nor spirk,' he said; 'ye are
 neither book nor brute—
 'Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of
 Man's repute.
 'I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should mock
 your pain,
 'But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come
 back again.
 'Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the grim
 black stallions wait—
 'They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed, lest
 ye come too late!

'We have handled him, we have dandled him, we
have seared him to the bone,
'And sure if tooth and nail show truth he has no soul
of his own.'

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and
rumbled deep and low:—

'I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should bid
him go.

'Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave him
place,

'My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me to
my face;

'They'd call my house a common stew and me a
careless host,

'And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the sake
of a shiftless ghost.'

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that
prayed to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought of
his own good name:—

'Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye
down to fry:

'Did ye think of that theft for yourself?' said he;
and Tomlinson said, 'Ay!'

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little
 devils ran,
 And he said : ' Go husk this whimpering thief that
 comes in the guise of a man :
 ' Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and sieve his
 proper worth :
 ' There's sore decline in Adam's line if this be spawn
 of earth ;
 Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face the
 fire,
 But weep that they bin too small to sin to the height
 of their desire,
 Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it
 all abroad,
 As children rife a caddis-case or the raven's foolish
 hoard.
 And back they came with the tattered Thing, as
 children after play,
 And they said : ' The soul that he got from God he
 has bartered clean away.
 ' We have threshed a stook of print and book, and
 winnowed a chattering wind
 ' And many a soul wherewith he stole, but his we
 cannot find :

' I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolt-
 head jest ye did
 ' That I should waken my gentlemen that are sleep-
 ing three on a grid.'
 Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there
 was little grace,
 For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the
 Fear of Naked Space.
 ' Nay, this I ha' heard,' quo' Tomlinson, ' and this
 was noised abroad,
 ' And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the word
 of a dead French lord.'
 — ' Ye ha' heard, ye ha' read, ye ha' got, good lack !
 and the tale begins afresh—
 ' Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye or
 the sinful lust of the flesh ?'
 Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered,
 ' Let me in—
 ' For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour's wife to
 sin the deadly sin.'
 The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked
 the fires high :
 ' Did ye read of that sin in a book ? ' said he ; and
 Tomlinson said, ' Ay ! '

'O I had a love on earth,' said he, 'that kissed
 me to my fall,
 And if ye would call my love to me I know she
 would answer all.'
 —'All that ye did in love forbid it shall be written
 fair,
 But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not in
 Berkeley Square:
 'Though we whistled your love from her bed to-night,
 I trow she would not run,
 For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for
 one by one.'
 The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him
 like a knife,
 And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his
 sin in life:—
 'Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice
 at the grip of the Grave,
 And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head that
 men might call me brave.'
 The Devil he blew on a branded soul and set it
 aside to cool:—
 'Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on the
 hide of a brain-sick fool?'

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the desperate
 legions drew,
 But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would not
 let him through.
 'Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must
 pay?' said he,
 'That ye rank yourself' so fit for Hell and ask no
 leave of me?
 'I am all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that ye should
 give me scorn,
 'For I strove with God for your First Father the day
 that he was born.
 'Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer loud
 and high
 'The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever
 you came to die.'
 And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against
 the night
 The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-
 Mouth light;
 And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw
 beneath his feet
 The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-
 Mouth heat.

'Through borrowed deed to God's good meed that
 lies so fair within ;
 'Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for
 doom has yet to run,
 'And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley
 Square uphold you, Tomlinson !'

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by sun
 they fell
 Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that
 rim the mouth of Hell :
 The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are
 white with pain,
 But the third are black with clinkered sin that
 cannot burn again :
 They may hold their path, they may leave their
 path, with never a soul to mark,
 They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease
 in the Scorn of the Outer Dark.
 The Wind that blows between the worlds, it nipped
 him to the bone,
 And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there as
 the light of his own hearth-stone

II

'Twas when the rain fell steady an' the Air was
 pitched an' ready,
 That Noah got his orders for to take the bastes
 below ;
 He dragged them all together by the horn an' hide
 an' feather,
 An' all excipt the Donkey was agreeable to go.
 Thin Noah spoke him fairly, thin talked to him
 severally,
 An' thin he cursed him squarely to the glory av
 the Lord :—
 Divil take the ass that bred you, and the greater
 ass that fed you—
 Divil go wid you, ye spalpeen !' an' the Donkey
 went aboard.
 But the wind was always failin', an' 'twas most
 onaisy sailin',
 An' the ladies in the cabin couldn't stand the
 stable air ;

'Set them to work in the cornland
'With ploughs and sickles and flails,
'Put them in mud-walled prisons
'And—cut off their beautiful tails!

'Now, we can watch our fathers,
'Slain and bowed and old,
'Stooping over the millet,
'Sharing the silly mould,

'Digging a foolish furrow,

'Mending a muddy yoke,
'Sleeping in mud-walled prisons,
'Steeping their food in smoke.

'We may not speak to our fathers,
'For if the farmers knew
'They would come up to the forest
'And set us to labour too.'

This is the horrible story
Told as the twilight falls
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails.

THE LEGEND OF EVIL.

I

This is the sorrowful story
Told when the twilight falls
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails:—

Our fathers lived in the forest,
Foolish people were they,
They went down to the cornland
To teach the farmers to play.

Our fathers frisked in the millet,
Our fathers skipped in the wheat,
Our fathers hung from the branches
Our fathers danced in the street.

Then came the terrible farmers,
Nothing of play they knew,
Only . . . they caught our fathers
And set them to labour too!

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the
Four Great Rivers flow,
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she
left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and
softly scurry through,
By the favour of God we might know as much—
as our father Adam knew.

And each man hears as the twilight hears, to the
 beat of his dying heart,
 The Devil drum on the darkened pane : ' You did
 it, but was it Art ?'

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the
 shape of a surplice-peg,
 We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the
 yolk of an addled egg,
 We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the
 horse is drawn by the cart ;
 But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old : ' It's
 clever, but is it Art ?'

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the
 Club-room's green and gold,
 The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with
 their pens in the mould—
 They scratch with their pens in the mould of their
 graves, and the ink and the anguish start,
 For the Devil mutters behind the leaves : ' It's
 pretty, but is it Art ?'

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench
the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks : ' It's
strnking, but is it Art ?'
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the
idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of Art, and
each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and
the South, they talked and they fought in
the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the
poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the
dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel : ' It's
human, but is it Art ?'

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as
the new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is
master of Art and Truth ;

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on
Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched
with a stick in the mould ;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, ' It's
pretty, but is it Art ?'

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion
his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first,
most dread review ;
And he left his love to the use of his sons—and
that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled ' Is it Art ?' in the ear
of the branded Cain.

And howled among the beasts : ' *Thus Gods are made,*

' And rhoso makes them otherwise shall die.'

Thereat the cattle bellowed. . . . Then he died.

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,

And found his own four Gods, and that he wrote;
And marvelled, being very near to God,

What oaf on earth had made his toil God's law,

Till God said mocking : ' Mock not. These be
thine.'

Then cried Evarra : ' I have sinned !' — ' Not so.

' If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods

' Had rested in the mountain and the mine,

' And I were poorer by four wondrous Gods,

' And thy more wondrous law, Evarra. Thine,

' Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine.'

Thereat, with laughing mouth, but tear-wet eyes,
Evarra cast his Gods from Paradise.

This is the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Above its brows for eyes, and gave it hair

Of trailing moss, and plaited straw for crown.

And all the village praised him for this craft,

And brought him butter, honey, milk, and curds.

Wherefore, because the shoutings drove him mad,

He scratched upon that log : ' *Thus Gods are made,*

' And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.'

And all the people praised him. . . . Then he

died.

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because his God decreed one clot of blood

Should swerve one hair's-breadth from the pulse's

path,

And chafe his brain, Evarra moved alone,

Rag-wrapped, among the cattle in the fields,

Counting his fingers, jesting with the trees,

And mocking at the mist, until his God

Drove him to labour. Out of dung and horns

Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous God,

Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plantain tufts,

And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,

He dreamed it was the clamour of lost crowds,

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because the city had no wealth to give,

Because the caravans were spoiled afar,

Because his life was threatened by the King,

So that all men despised him in the streets,

He hewed the living rock, with sweat and tears,

And reared a God against the morning-gold,

A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,

And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with

pride,

Because the city fawned to bring him back,

He carved upon the plinth: '*Thus Gods are made,*

And rhoso makes them otherwise shall die;

And all the people praised him. . . . Then he

died.

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because he lived among a simple folk,

Because his village was between the hills,

Because he smeared his cheeks with blood of ewes,

He cut an idol from a fallen pine,

Smeared blood upon its cheeks, and wedged a shell

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Read here :

This is the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because the city gave him of her gold,

Because the caravans brought turquoises,

Because his life was sheltered by the King,

So that no man should maim him, none should

steal,

Or break his rest with babble in the streets

When he was weary after toil, he made

An image of his God in gold and pearl,

With turquoise diadem and human eyes,

A wonder in the sunshine, known afar,

And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with

pride,

Because the city bowed to him for God,

He wrote above the shrine: '*Thus Gods are made,*

And whoso makes them otherwise shall die;

And all the city praised him. . . . Then he died.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast,
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark;
And 'God forgive us, mother,' she said,
'We let it die in the dark!'

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
 There was neither spirit nor spark,
 And 'Heard ye nothing, mother?' she said,
 'Tis crying for me in the dark.'

And the nodding mother sighed :
 'Tis sorrow makes ye dull ;
 Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
 Or the wail of the wind-blown gull ?'

'The terns are blown inland,
 The grey gull follows the plough.
 'Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,
 O mother, I hear it now !'

'Lie still, dear lamb, lie still ;
 The child is passed from harm,
 'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your rest.
 And the feel of an empty arm.'

She put her mother aside,

'In Mary's name let be !

'For the peace of my soul I must go,' she said,
 And she went to the calling sea.

Then came a cry from the sea,
 But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
 And 'Heard ye nothing, mother?' she said,
 'Tis the child that waits to pass.

And the nodding mother sighed.

'Tis a lambing ewe in the win,
 For why should the christened soul cry out
 'That never knew of sin?'

'O feet I have held in my hand,
 'O hands at my heart to catch,
 'How should they know the road to go,
 'And how should they lift the latch?'

They laid a sheet to the door,
 With the little quilt atop,
 That it might not hurt from the cold or the dirt.
 But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
 And strained her eyes to see,
 And opened the door on the bitter shore
 To let the soul go free.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

The dead child lay in the shroud,
And the widow watched beside;
And her mother slept, and the Channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the mother laughed at all.
' I have lost my man in the sea,
' And the child is dead. Be still,' she said,
' What more can ye do to me?'

The widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low,
And she tried to sing the Passing Song
That bids the poor soul go.

And ' Mary take you now,' she sang,
' That lay against my heart;
And ' Mary smooth your crib to-night;
But she could not say ' Depart.'

THE EXPLANATION

Love and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.

Called for wine, and threw—alas!—
Each his quiver on the grass.

When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then

Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!

Mingled arrows each one sheaved;
Death's dread armoury was stored;
With the shafts he most abhorred;
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.

Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,

Old men love while young men die?

Above the altar held the morning sun :
A winking ruby on its heart : below,
Face hid in hands, the maid Bisesa lay.

Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai

Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai

Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale

Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.

Broke like a flood across the Valley, washed
The mist away ; but louder than the rain
The thunder of Tamau filled men with fear.

Some say that from the Unlighted Shrine she cried
For succour, very pitifully, thrice,
And others that she sang and had no fear.
And some that there was neither song nor cry,
But only thunder and the lashing rain.

Howbeit, in the morning men rose up,
Perplexed with horror, crowding to the Shrine.
And when Er-Heb was gathered at the doors
The Priests made lamentation and passed in
To a strange Temple and a God they feared
But knew not.

From the crevices the grass
Had thrust the altar-slabs apart, the walls
Were grey with stains unclean, the roof-beams
swelled
With many-coloured growth of rotteness,
And lichen veiled the Image of Tamau
In leprosy. The Basin of the Blood

They know who dared the anger of Taman,
 And watched that night above the clinging mists,
 Far up the hill, Bisesa's passing in.

She set her hand upon the carven door,
 Fouled by a myriad bats, and black with time,
 Whereon is graved the Glory of Taman
 In letters older than the Ao-Safai ;

And twice she turned aside and twice she wept,
 Cast down upon the threshold, clamouring
 For him she loved—the Man of Sixty Spears,
 And for her father,—and the black bull Tor,
 Hers and her pride. Yea, twice she turned away
 Before the awful darkness of the door,
 And the great horror of the Wall of Man,
 Where Man is made the plaything of Taman,
 An Eyleless Face that waits above and laughs.

But the third time she cried and put her palms
 Against the hewn stone leaves, and prayed Taman
 To spare Er-Heb and take her life for price.

They know who watched, the doors were rent apart
 And closed upon Bisesa, and the rain

Lay as the slimy water of the troughs
 When muntain thins the cattle of Er-Heb :
 And through the mist men heard the Red Horse
 feed.

In Armod's house they burned Bisesa's dower,
 And killed her black bull Tor, and broke her whee,
 And loosed her hair, as for the marriage-feast,
 With cries more loud than mourning for the dead.

Across the fields, from Armod's dwelling-place,
 We heard Bisesa weeping where she passed
 To seek the Unlighted Shrine; the Red Horse
 neighed
 And followed her, and on the river-mint
 His hooves struck dead and heavy in our ears.

Out of the mists of evening, as the star
 Of Ao-Safai climbs through the black snow-blur
 To show the Pass is clear, Bisesa stepped
 Upon the great grey slope of mortised stone,
 The Causeway of Taman. The Red Horse neighed
 Behind her to the Unlighted Shrine—then fled
 North to the Mountain where his stable lies.

'And who am I to know the will of Gods?
 'Taman hath called me—whither shall I go?'
 The Chief in War, the Man of Sixty Spears,
 Howled in his torment, fettered by the Priests,
 But dared not come to her to drag her forth,
 And dared not lift his spear against the Priests.
 Then all men wept.

There was a Priest of Kysh
 Bent with a hundred winters, hairless, blind,
 And taloned as the great Snow-Eagle is.
 His seat was nearest to the altar-fires,
 And he was counted dumb among the Priests.
 But, whether Kysh decreed, or from Taman
 The impotent tongue found utterance we know
 As little as the bats beneath the eaves.
 He cried so that they heard who stood without:—
 'To the Unlighted Shrine!' and crept aside
 Into the shadow of his fallen God
 And whimpered, and Bisesa went her way.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
 Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, and rose
 Above the roofs, and by the Unlighted Shrine

The Man of Sixty Spears, broke from the press,
 And would have clasped her, but the Priests with-
 stood,
 Saying:—‘She has a message from Taman,’
 Then said Bisesa:—‘By my wealth and love
 And beauty, I am chosen of the God
 ‘Taman.’ Here rolled the thunder through the
 Hills
 And Kysh fell forward on the Mound of Skulls.

In darkness, and before our Priests, the maid
 Between the altars cast her bracelets down,
 Therewith the heavy earrings Armod made,
 When he was young, out of the water-gold
 Of Gorkh—threw the breast-plate thick with jade
 Upon the turquoise anklets—put aside
 The bands of silver on her brow and neck;
 And as the tinkets tinkled on the stones,
 The thunder of Taman lowed like a bull.

Then said Bisesa, stretching out her hands,
 As one in darkness fearing Devils:—‘Help!
 ‘O Priests, I am a woman very weak.

Then said Bisesa to the Priests at dusk,
 When the white mist rose up breast-high, and choked
 The voices in the houses of the dead:—
 'Yabosh and Kysh avail not. If the Horse
 'Reach the Unlighted Shrine we surely die.
 'Ye have forgotten of all Gods the Chief,
 'Tamani!' Here rolled the thunder through the Hill.
 And Yabosh shook upon his pedestal.
 'Ye have forgotten of all Gods the chief
 'Too long.' And all were dumb save one, who cried
 On Yabosh with the Sapphire 'twixt His knees,
 But found no answer in the smoky roof,
 And, being smitten of the sickness, died
 Before the altar of the Sapphire Shrine.

Then said Bisesa:—'I am near to Death,
 And have the Wisdom of the Grave for gift
 'To bear me on the path my feet must tread.
 'If there be wealth on earth, then I am rich,
 'For Armod is the first of all Er-Heb;
 'If there be beauty on the earth,—her eyes
 Dropped for a moment to the temple floor,—
 'Ye know that I am fair. If there be Love,
 'Ye know that love is mine.' The Chief in War,

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
 Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, but rose
 A little higher, to a young girl's height;
 Till all the valley glittered like a lake,
 Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist.

That night, the Red Horse grazed beyond the Dam
 A stone's-throw from the troughs. Men heard him
 feed,

And those that heard him sickened where they lay.
 Thus came the sickness to Er-Heb, and slew
 Of men a score, and of the women eight,
 And of the children two.

Because the road
 To Gorkh was a road of enemies,

And Ao-Safai was blocked with early snow,
 We could not flee from out the Valley. Death
 Smote at us in a slaughter-pen, and Kysh

Was mute as Yabosh, though the goats were slain;
 And the Red Horse grazed nightly by the stream,
 And later, outward, towards the Unlighted Shrine,
 And those that heard him sickened where they
 lay.

And downward, where the grey pine meets the birch,
 And downward, where the dwarf oak meets the pine,
 Till at his feet our cup-like pastures lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
 Dropped as a cloth upon a dead man's face,
 And weltered in the valley, bluish-white

Like water very silent—spread abroad,
 Like water very silent, from the Shrine

Unlighted of Tamen to where the stream
 Is dammed to fill our cattle-troughs—sent up

White waves that rocked and heaved and then were
 still,

Till all the Valley glittered like a marsh,
 Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist
 Knee-deep, so that men waded as they walked.

That night, the Red Horse grazed above the Dam,
 Beyond the cattle-troughs. Men heard him feed,
 And those that heard him sickened where they lay.

Thus came the sickness to Er-Heb, and slew

Ten men, strong men, and of the women four;

And the Red Horse went hillward with the dawn,

But near the cattle-troughs his hoof-prints lay.

This is Tamam, the God of all Er-Heb,
 Who was before all Gods, and made all Gods,
 And presently will break the Gods he made,
 And step upon the Earth to govern men
 Who give him milk-dry ewes and cheat his
 Priests,

Or leave his shrine unlighted—as Er-Heb
 Left it unlighted and forgot Tamam,
 When all the Valley followed after Kysh
 And Yabosh, little Gods but very wise,
 And from the sky Tamam beheld their sin.

He sent the Sickness out upon the hills
 The Red Horse Sickness with the iron hooves,
 To turn the Valley to Tamam again.

And the Red Horse snuffed thrice into the wind,
 The naked wind that had no fear of him;
 And the Red Horse stamped thrice upon the snow,
 The naked snow that had no fear of him;
 And the Red Horse went out across the rocks
 The ringing rocks that had no fear of him;
 And downward, where the lean birch meets the
 snow,

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai

Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai

Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale

Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.

The story of Bisesa, Armod's child,—

A maiden plighted to the Chief in War,

The Man of Sixty Spears, who held the Pass

That leads to Thibet, but to-day is gone

To seek his comfort of the God called Budh

The Silent—showing how the Sickness ceased

Because of her who died to save the tribe.

Taman is One and greater than us all,

Taman is One and greater than all Gods :

Taman is Two in One and rides the sky,

Curved like a stallion's croup, from dusk to dawn,

And drums upon it with his heels, whereby

Is bred the neighing thunder in the hills.

Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder,
we

Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the
Eternal Sea!

Seven men from all the world, back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Cain:

Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we took the 'Bolivar' safe across the Bay?

Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at
 play—
 That was on the 'Bolivar,' south across the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to
 swell—

Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was
 we—

Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand
 hotel;

Cheered her from the 'Bolivar,' swampin' in
 the sea.

Then a greyback cleared us out, then the
 skipper laughed;
 'Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—rig the
 winches aft!

'Yoke the kicking rudder-head—get her under
 way!'

So we steered her, pully-haul, out across the
 Bay!

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
 In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.

Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her
strake;

Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the
plummer-block.

Banged against the iron decks, bilges choked
with coal;

Played and frozen foot and hand, sick of heart
and soul;

Last we prayed she'd buck herself into Judge-
ment Day—

Hi! we cursed the 'Bolivar' knocking round
the Bay!

O her nose hung up to sky, groaning to be still—

Up and down and back we went, never time for
breath;

Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the
heel,

And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our
death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between;
Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it
green;

Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a
dray—

Out we took the 'Bolivar,' out across the Bay !

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let us
by ;

Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle
short ;

Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulk-
head fly ;

Left the 'Wolf' behind us with a two-foot list to
port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her
soul ;

Clanging like a smithy-shop after every roll ;
Just a tunnel and a mast lurching through the
spray—

So we threshed the 'Bolivar' out across the Bay !

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd
break ;

Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the
shock ;

THE BALLAD OF THE 'BOLIVAR'

Seven men from all the world back to Docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Cain :

Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away—
We that took the 'Bolivar' out across the Bay !

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with
rails;
We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo
shifted ;
We put out from Sunderland—met the winter
gales—
Seven days and seven nights to the Start we
drifted.

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white
as snow,

All the coals adrift a-deck, half the rails below,
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They cleared the cruiser end to end,
 From conning-tower to hold.
 They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
 They were stripped to the waist, they were bare
 to the feet,
 As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking 'Clampherdown'
 Heaved up her battered side—
 And carried a million pounds in steel,
 To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
 And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the 'Clampherdown'
 Stood out to sweep the sea,
 On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
 As it was in the days of long ago,
 And as it still shall be.

'Captain, they hack us through and through ;
'The chilled steel bolts are swift !

'We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
'Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be ;
And he answered, ' Let her drift ;

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'

Swung round upon the tide,

Her two dumb guns glared south and north,

And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

'Captain, they cry, the fight is done,

'They bid you send your sword,'

And he answered, ' Grapple her stern and bow.

'They have asked for the steel. They shall have it

now ;

'Out cutlasses and board !'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'

Spewed up four hundred men ;

And the scalded stokers yelped delight,

As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,

Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'
 And grimly did she roll;
 Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
 As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire
 When they war by the frozen Pole.
 'Captain, the shells are falling fast,
 'And faster still fall we;
 'And it is not meet for English stock
 'To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
 'The death they cannot see;
 'Lie down, lie down, my bold A.B.,
 'We drift upon her beam;
 'We dare not ram, for she can run;
 'And dare ye fire another gun,
 'That carried an armour-belt;
 But fifty feet at stern and bow
 Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
 To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

She opened fire at seven miles—
 As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
 And once she fired and twice she fired,
 Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
 That lolls upon the stalk.

'Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
 'The deck-beams break below,
 'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
 'And botch the shattered plates again.'
 And he answered, 'Make it so.'

She opened fire within the mile—
 As ye shoot at the flying duck—
 And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
 With the heave of the ship, to the stainless
 blue,
 And the great stern-turret stuck.

'Captain, the turret fills with steam,
 'The feed-pipes burst below—
 'You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
 'You can hear the twisted runners jam.'
 And he answered, 'Turn and go!'

THE BALLAD OF THE 'CLAMPHERDOWN'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown',
Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside ;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown',
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

'It's fore-sheet free, with her head to the sea, and
 the swing of the unbought brine—
 'We'll make no sport in an English court till we
 come as a ship o' the Line :
 'Till we come as a ship o' the Line, my lads, of
 thirty foot in the sheer,
 'Lifting again from the outer main with news of a
 privateer ;
 'Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for welf of
 Admiralty,
 'Heaving his head for our dipsy-lead in sign that we
 keep the sea.
 'Then fore-sheet home as she lifts to the foam—we
 stand on the outward tack,
 'We are paid in the coin of the white man's trade—
 the bezant is hard, ay, and black.
 'The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the Kling
 and the Orang-Laut
 'How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be
 robbed in a Christian port ;
 'How a man may be robbed in Christian port while
 Three Great Captains there
 'Shall dip their flag to a slaver's rag—to show that
 his trade is fair !'

The skipper peered beneath his palm and swore by
 the Great Horn Spoon:—
 'Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless
 my picaroon!
 By two and three the flags blew free to lash the
 laughing air:—
 'We have sold our spars to the merchantman—we
 know that his price is fair;
 The skipper winked his Western eye, and swore by
 a China storm:—
 'They ha' rigged him a Joseph's jury-coat to keep
 his honour warm.
 The halliards twanged against the tops, the bunting
 belied broad,
 The skipper spat in the empty hold and mourned
 for a wasted cord.
 Masthead—masthead, the signal sped by the line
 o' the British craft:
 The skipper called to his Lascar crew, and put her
 about and laughed:—
 'It's mainsail haul, my bully boys all—we'll out to
 the seas again—
 'Ere they set us to paint their pirate saint, or scrub
 at his grapnel-chain.

The skipper called to the tall taffrail:—‘And what is that to me?’

‘Did ever you hear of a Yankee brig that rifled a Seventy-three?’

‘Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that I lift like a ship o’ the Line?’

‘He has learned to run from a shotted gun and harry such craft as mine.

‘There is never a Law on the Cocos Keys to hold a white man in,

‘But we do not steal the niggers’ meal, for that is a nigger’s sin.

‘Must he have his Law as a quid to chaw, or laid in brass on his wheel?

‘Does he steal with tears when he buccaneers?’

‘Fore Gad, then, why does he steal?’

The skipper bit on a deep-sea word, and the word it was not sweet,

For he could see the Captains Three had signalled to the Fleet.

But three and two, in white and blue, the whimpering flags began:—

‘We have heard a tale of a—foreign sail, but he : a merchantman.’

'He is lazar within and lime without, ye can nose
 him far enow,
 'For he carries the taint of a musky ship—the reek
 of the slaver's dhow !'
 The skipper looked at the tiering guns and the
 bulwarks tall and cold,
 And the Captains Three full courteously peered
 down at the gutted hold,
 And the Captains Three called courteously from
 deck to scuttle—but :—
 'Good Sir, we ha' dealt with that merchantman or
 ever your teeth were cut.
 'Your words be words of a lawless race, and the Law
 it standeth thus :
 'He comes of a race that have never a Law, and he
 never has boarded us.
 'We ha' sold him canvas and rope and spar—we
 know that his price is fair,
 And we know that he weeps for the lack of a Law
 as he rides off Finisterre.
 'And since he is damned for a gallows-thief by you
 and better than you,
 'We hold it meet that the English fleet should know
 that we hold him true;'

'Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work my
 Christian harm,
 'I had run him up from his quarter-deck to trade
 with his own yard-arm ;
 'I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head, and ripped
 them off with a saw,
 'And soured them in the bilgewater, and served them
 to him raw ;
 'I had hung him blind in a rudderless boat to rot in
 the rocking dark,
 'I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for his
 brother shark ;
 'I had lapped him round with cocoa husk, and
 drenched him with the oil,
 'And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze above
 my spoil ;
 'I had stripped his bide for my hammock-side, and
 tasselled his beard i' the mesh,
 'And spitted his crew on the live bamboo that grows
 through the gangrened flesh ;
 'I had hove him down by the mangroves brown,
 where the mud-reef sucks and draws,
 'Moored by the heel to his own keel to wait for the
 land-crab's claws !

' He would not fly the Rovers' flag—the bloody or
 the black,
 ' But now he floated the Gridiron and now he haunted
 the Jack.
 ' He spoke of the Law as he crimped my crew—he
 swore it was only a loan ;
 ' But when I would ask for my own again, he swore
 it was none of my own.
 ' He has taken my little parakeets that nest beneath
 the Line,
 ' He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-trails and
 the green unripened pine ;
 ' He has taken my bale of dammer and spice I won
 beyond the seas,
 ' He has taken my grinning heathen gods—and what
 should he want o' these ?
 ' My foremast would not mend his boom, my deck-
 house patch his boats ;
 ' He has whittled the two, this Yank Yahoo, to peddle
 for shoe-peg oats.
 ' I could not fight for the failing light and a rough
 beam-sea beside,
 ' But I hulled him once for a clumsy crimp and twice
 because he lied,

Her rigging was rough with the clotted drift that
 drives in a Northern breeze,
 Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that
 spawns in the Eastern seas.
 Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and right
 she rolled,
 And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and stared
 at an empty hold.
 'I ha' paid Port dues for your Law,' quoth he, 'and
 where is the Law ye boast
 'If I sail unscathed from a heathen port to be robbed
 on a Christian coast?
 'Ye have smoked the hives of the Laccadives as we
 burn the lice in a bunk,
 'We tack not now to a Gallang prow or a plunging
 Pei-ho junk;
 'I had no fear but the seas were clear as a sail
 might fare
 'Till I met with a lime-washed Yankee brig that rode
 off Finisterre.
 'There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun ports to
 screen the weight he bore,
 And the signals ran for a merchantman from Sandy
 Hook to the Nore.

THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS

This ballad appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American pirate. It is founded on fact.

. . . At the close of a winter day,
Their anchors down, by London town, the Three
Great Captains lay ;
And one was Admiral of the North from Solway
Firth to Skye,
And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all the
lands thereby,
And one was Master of the Thames from Limehouse
to Blackwall,
And he was Captain of the Fleet—the bravest of
them all.
Their good guns guarded the great grey sides that
were thirty foot in the sheer,
When there came a certain trading brig with news
of a privateer.

The one I 'll shoot at twilight-tide,
At dawn I 'll drive the other ;
The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,
The white man for his brother.

'Tis war, red war, I 'll give you then,
War till my sinews fail ;

For the wrong you have done to a chief of men,
And a thief of the Zukka Khey!

And if I fall to your hand afresh
I give you leave for the sin,

That you cram my throat with the foul pig's flesh,
And swing me in the skin !

It's woe to bend the stubborn back
 Above the grinchin' quern,
 It's woe to hear the leg-bar clack
 And jingle when I turn !

But for the sorrow and the shame,
 The brand on me and mine,
 I'll pay you back in leaping flame
 And loss of the butchered kine.

For every cow I spared before
 In charity set free,
 If I may reach my hold once more
 I'll reive an honest three.

For every time I raised the love
 That scared the dusty plain,
 By sword and cord, by torch and tow
 I'll light the land with twain !

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,
 Young *Sahib* with the yellow hair—
 Lie close, lie close as khutucks lie,
 Fat herds below Bonair.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE
THIEF

O woe is me for the merry life
I led beyond the Bar,
And a treble woe for my winsome wife
That weeps at Shalimar.

They have taken away my long jezail,
My shield and sabre fine,
And heaved me into the Central Jail
For lifting of the kine.

The steer may low within the byre,
The Jut may tend his grain,
But there 'll be neither loot nor fire
Till I come back again.

And God have mercy on the Jut
When once my fetters fall,
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut
When I am loosed from thrall.

But It knew as It grinned, for he touched it un-
fearing,
And muttered aloud, 'So you kept that jade ear-
ring!'

Then nodded, and kindly, as friend nods to friend,
'Old man, you fought well, but you lost in the end.'

The visions departed, and Shame followed Passion:—
'He took what I said in this horrible fashion,

'I'll write to Harendra!' With language unsainted
The Captain came back to the Bride . . . who had
fainted.

And this is a fiction? No. Go to Simoorie
And look at their baby, a twelve-month old Hour,

A pert little, Irish-eyed Kathleen Mavournin—
She's always about on the Mall of a mornin'—

And you'll see, if her right shoulder-strap is dis-
placed,

This : *Gules upon argent, a Boh's Head, erased!*

As a derelict ship drifts away with the tide
 The Captain went out on the Past from his Bride,
 Back, back, through the springs to the chill of the
 year,
 When he hunted the Boh from Maloon to Tsaleer.
 As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through deep
 water,
 In his eye lit the passionless passion of slaughter,
 And men who had fought with O'Neil for the life
 Had gazed on his face with less dread than his wife.
 For she who had held him so long could not hold
 him—
 Though a four-month Eternity should have con-
 trolled him—
 But watched the twin Terror—the head turned to
 head—
 The scowling, scarred Black, and the flushed savage
 Red—
 The spirit that changed from her knowing and flew
 to
 Some grim hidden Past she had never a clue to.

As the rabbit is drawn to the rattlesnake's power,
As the smoker's eye fills at the opium hour,

As a horse reaches up to the manger above,

As the waiting ear yearns for the whisper of love,

From the arms of the Bride, iron-visaged and slow,
The Captain bent down to the Head of the Boh.

And e'en as he looked on the Thing where It lay

'Twixt the winking new spoons and the napkins'

array,

The freed mind fled back to the long-ago days—

The hand-to-hand scuffle—the smoke and the
blaze—

The forced march at night and the quick rush at
dawn—

The banjo at twilight, the burial ere morn—

The stench of the marshes—the raw, piercing smell
When the overhand stabbing-cut silenced the yell—

The oaths of his Irish that surged when they stood

Where the black crosses hung o'er the Kuttamow
flood.

And gummed to the scalp was a letter which

ran :—

‘ IN FIELDING FORCE SERVICE.

‘ *Encampment,*

‘ 10th Jan.

‘ Dear Sir,—I have honour to send, *as you said,*

‘ For final approval (see under) Boh’s Head ;

‘ Was took by myself in most bloody affair.

‘ By High Education brought pressure to bear.

‘ Now violate Liberty, time being bad,

‘ To mail V.P.P. (rupees hundred) Please add

‘ Whatever Your Honour can pass. Price of Blood

‘ Much cheap at one hundred, and children want food ;

‘ So trusting Your Honour will somewhat retain

‘ True love and affection for Govt. Bullock Train,

‘ And show awful kindness to satisfy me,

‘ I am,

‘ Graceful Master,

‘ Your

‘ H. MUKERJI.’

Where the *whit* of the bullet, the wounded man's
scream

Are mixed as the mist of some devilish dream—

Forgotten, forgotten the sweat of the shambles
Where the hill-daisy blooms and the grey monkey
gambols,

From the sword-belt set free and released from the
steel,

The Peace of the Lord is with Captain O'Neil.

Up the hill to Simoorie—most patient of drudges—
The bags on his shoulder, the mail-runner trudges.
'For Captain O'Neil, *Sahib*. One hundred and ten
'Rupees to collect on delivery.'

Then

(Their breakfast was stopped while the screw-jack
and hammer
Tore waxcloth, split teak-wood, and chipped out
the dammer;)

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napey's snow,
With a crash and a thud, rolled—the Head of the
Boh !

And out of that cart, with a bellow of woe,
The Babu fell—flat on the top of the Boh !

For years had Haiendra served the State,
To the growth of his purse and the girth of his
pét.

There were twenty stone, as the tally-man knows,
On the broad of the chest of this best of Bohs.

And twenty stone from a height discharged
Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

Oh, short was the struggle—severe was the shock—
He dropped like a bullock—he lay like a block ;

And the Babu above him, convulsed with fear,
Heard the labouring life-breath hissed out in his
ear.

And thus in a fashion undignified
The princely pest of the Chindwin died.

Turn now to Simoorie where, lapped in his ease,
The Captain is petting the Bride on his knees,

And out of the jungle, with yells and squeals,
Pranced Boh Da Thone, and his gang at his heels !
Then belching blunderbuss answered back
The Snider's snarl and the carbine's crack,
And the blithe revolver began to sing
To the blade that twanged on the locking-ring,
And the brown flesh blued where the bayonet
kissed,
As the steel shot back with a wrench and a twist,
And the great white bullocks with onyx eyes
Watched the souls of the dead arise,
And over the smoke of the fusillade
The Peacock Banner staggered and swayed.
Oh, gayest of scrimmages man may see
Is a well-worked rush on the G.B.T. !
The Babu shook at the horrible sight,
And girded his ponderous loins for flight,
But Fate had ordained that the Boh should start
On a lone-hand raid of the rearmost cart,

And little she knew the arms that embraced
 Had cloven a man from the brow to the waist :
 And little she knew that the loving lips
 Had ordered a quivering life's eclipse,
 And the eye that lit at her lightest breath
 Had glared unawed in the Gates of Death.
 (For these be matters a man would hide,
 As a general rule, from an innocent Bride.)
 And little the Captain thought of the past,
 And, of all men, Babu Harendra last.

 But slow, in the sludge of the Kathun road,
 The Government Bullock Train toted its load.
 Speckless and spotless and shining with *ghee*,
 In the rearmost cart sat the Babu-jee.
 And ever a phantom before him fled
 Of a scowling Boh with a silver bead.
 Then the lead-cart stuck, though the coolies slaved,
 And the cartmen hogged and the escort raved ;

The fever held him—the Captain said,
 'I'd give a hundred to look at his head!'

The Hospital punkahs creaked and whirled,
 But Babu Harendra (Gomashta) heard.

He thought of the cane-brake, green and dank,
 That girdled his home by the Dacca tank.

He thought of his wife and his High School son,
 He thought—but abandoned the thought—of a gun.

His sleep was broken by visions dread
 Of a shining Boh with a silver head.

He kept his counsel and went his way,
 And swindled the cartmen of half their pay.

And the months went on, as the worst must do,
 And the Boh returned to the raid anew.

But the Captain had quitted the long-drawn strife,
 And in far Simoorie had taken a wife.

And she was a damsel of delicate mould,
 With hair like the sunshine and heart of gold,

They had crippled his power for rapine and raid,
 They had routed him out of his pet stockade,
 And at last, they came, when the Day Star tired,
 To a camp deserted—a village fired.

A black cross blistered the Morning-gold,
 And the body upon it was stark and cold.
 The wind of the dawn went merrily past,
 The high grass bowed her plumes to the blast.
 And out of the grass, on a sudden, broke
 A spittle of fire, a whorl of smoke—

And Captain O'Neil of the Black Tyrone
 Was blessed with a slug in the ulnar-bone—
 The gift of his enemy Boh Da Thone.
 (Now a slug that is hammered from telegraph-wire
 Is a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire.)

The shot-wound festered—as shot-wounds may
 In a steaming barrack at Mandalay.

The left arm throbbed, and the Captain swore,
 'I'd like to be after the Boh once more!'

Till the sun-dried boys of the Black Tyrone
Took a brotherly interest in Boh Da Thone :

And, sooth, if pursuit in possession ends,
The Boh and his trackers were best of friends.

The word of a scout—a march by night—
A rush through the mist—a scattering fight—

A volley from cover—a corpse in the clearing—
The glimpse of a join-cloth and heavy jade carrying—

The flare of a village—the tally of slain—
And . . . the Boh was abroad ' on the raid ' again !

They cursed their luck, as the Irish will,
They gave him credit for cunning and skill,

They buried their dead, they bolted their beef,
And started anew on the track of the thief

Till, in place of the ' Kalends of Greece,' men said,
' When Crook and his darlings come back with the
head.'

They had hunted the Boh from the hills to the
plain—

He doubled and broke for the hills again :

But little they cared for the Native Press,
 The worn white soldiers in Khaki dress,
 Who tramped through the jungle and camped in
 the byre,
 Who died in the swamp and were tombed in the
 mire,

Who gave up their lives, at the Queen's Command,
 For the Pride of their Race and the Peace of the
 Land.

Now, first of the foemen of Boh Da Thone

Was Captain O'Neil of the 'Black Tyrone,'

And his was a Company, seventy strong,

Who hustled that dissolute Chief along.

There were lads from Galway and Louth and
 Meath

Who went to their death with a joke in their teeth,

And worshipped with fluency, fervour, and zeal
 The mud on the boot-heels of 'Crook' O'Neil.

But ever a blight on their labours lay,

And ever their quarry would vanish away,

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

This is the ballad of Boh Da Thone,

First a Pretender to Theeban's throne,

Who harried the district of Alalone :

How he met with his fate and the V.P.P.

At the hand of Harendra Mukerji,

Senior Gomashita, G.B.T.

Boh Da Thone was a warrior bold :

His sword and his Snider were bossed with gold,

And the Peacock Banner his henchmen bore

Was stiff with bullion, but stiffer with gore.

He shot at the strong and he slashed at the weak

From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak :

He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,

He filled old ladies with kerosene :

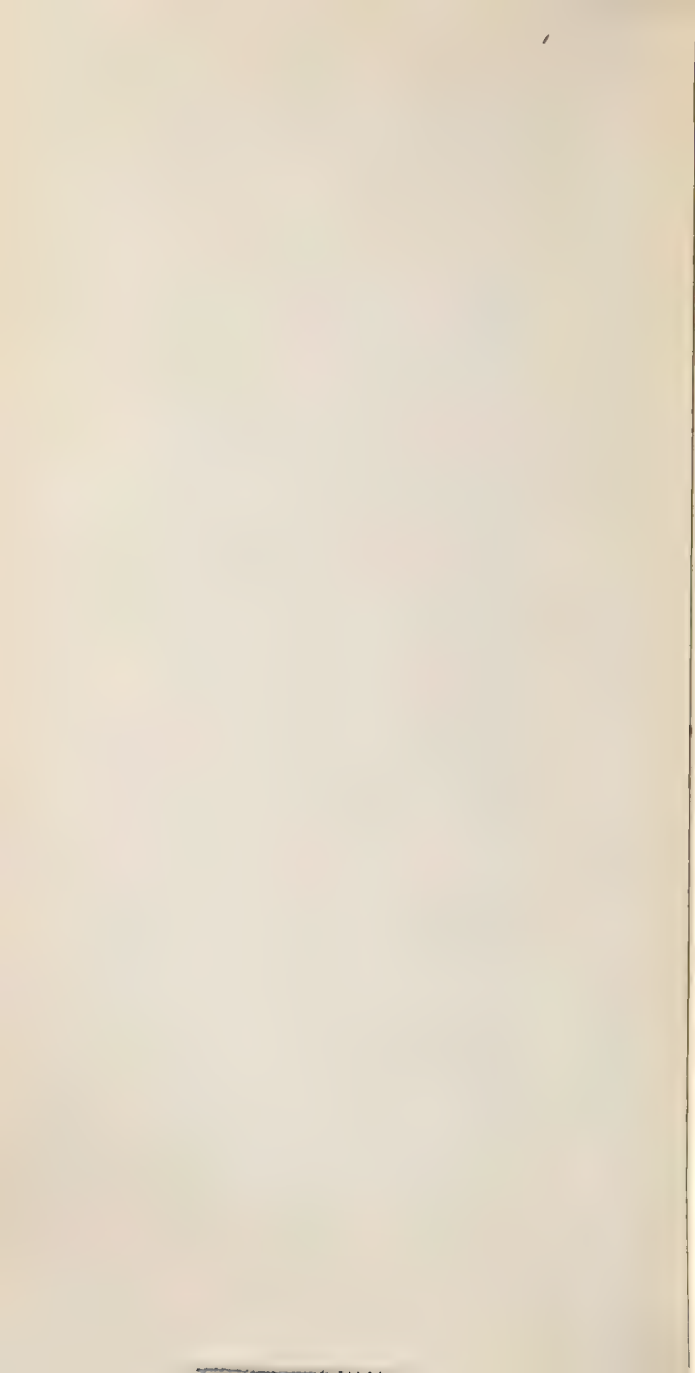
While over the water the papers cried,

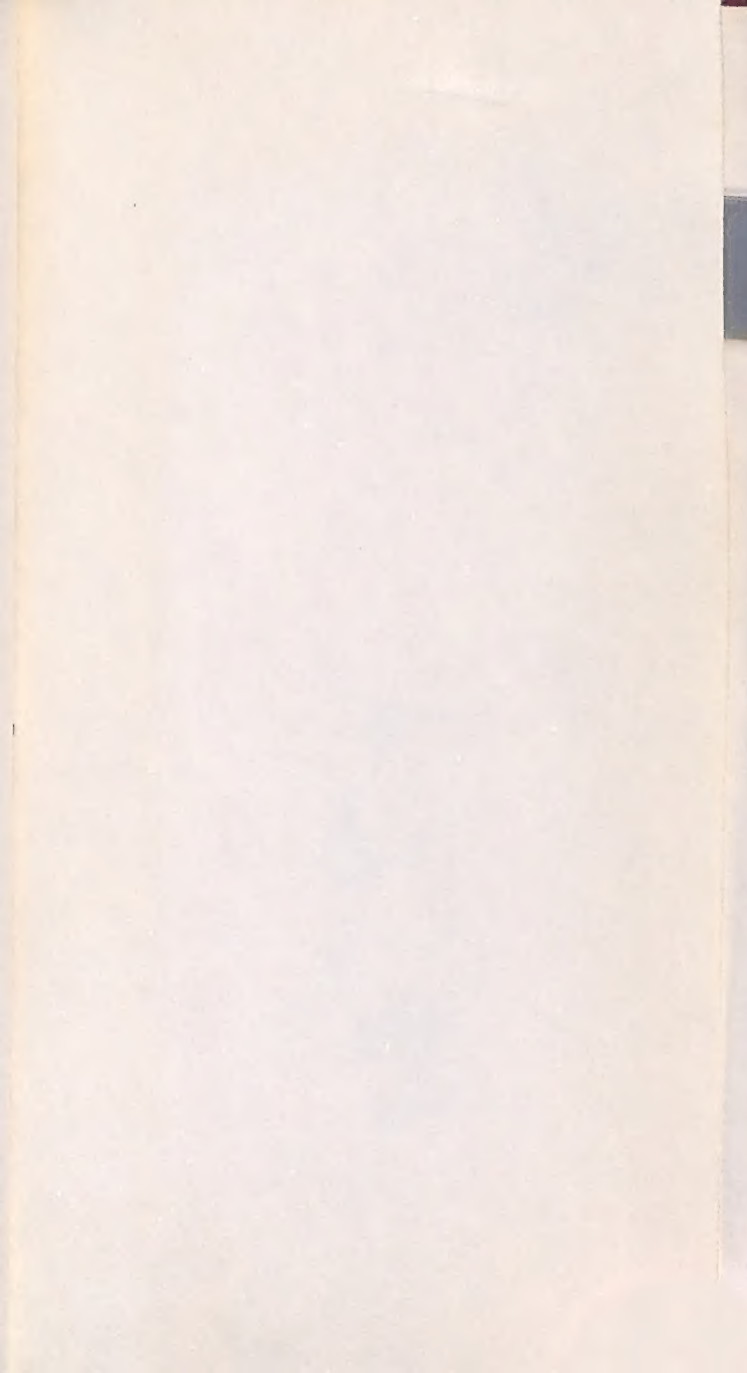
' The patriot fights for his countryside !'

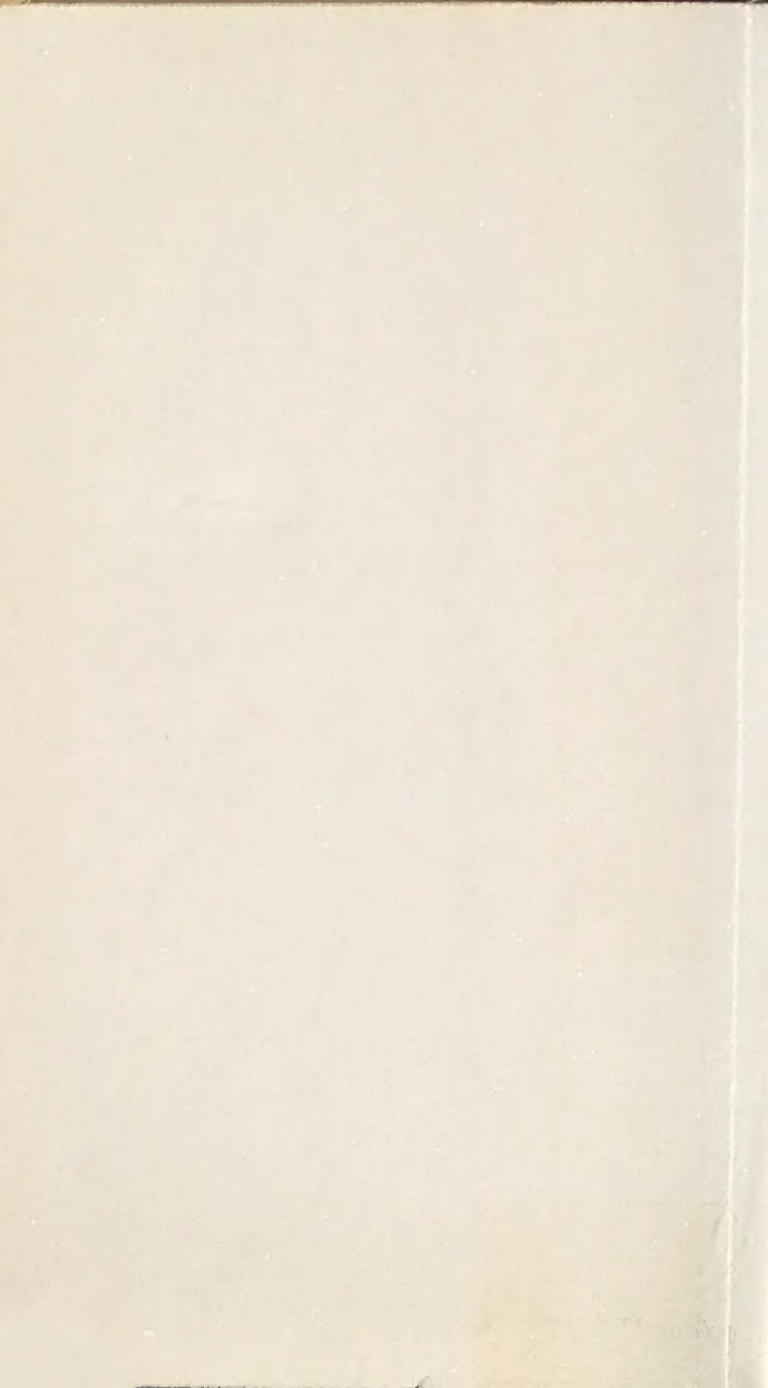
Then Scindia checked the gasping mare that rocketed
and groaned for breath,
And wheeled to charge and plunged the knife a
handsbreadth in her side—
The hunter and the hunted know how that last pause
is death—
The blood had chilled about her heart, she reared
and fell and died.

Our Gods were kind. Before he heard the maiden's
piteous scream
A log upon the Delhi road, beneath the mare he
lay—
Lost mistress and lost battle passed before him like
a dream;
The darkness closed about his eyes—I bore my
King away.

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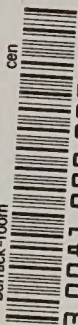
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